

A date for Cancerman

by The Truth Beacon

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Summary: Oh heck, I can't summarise this. Diana bashing, stupid, silly fun.

A date for Cancerman

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Ok, this is in response to the fanfic challenge where you have to have the yuckiest pairing. Well here's mine - Diana Fowley and CSM.

Title: A date for Cancerman

Author: Catriona McKenna < Scully1013\_1121@yahoo.com>

Rating: PG

Category: Weird

Summary: Fowl bashing and lots of terrible jokes

Spoilers: Dreamland (kinda) and a few others. MIB (the movie) and a few others. Nothing major

Disclaimer: I am Chris Carter. ALL MINE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Real disclaimer: None of the above is true. I don't own anybody here. Nobody sues and nobody gets hurt.

Author's notes: I do not have anything against Mimi Rodgers. I do not think she is ugly/fat etc. I just hate Diana Fowley. I hate Diana not Mimi. They are two separate people.

8:30pm

In middle of nowhere

Date unknown

Diana Fowley stared into the headlights of the approaching unmarked black car. She nervously fiddled with her black top. The car pulled up beside her and the driver's electric window slid down.

" Diana, sorry to keep you waiting. Hop in."

Diana waited for a second. It soon became obvious that the occupant wasn't going to get out and open the back door for her. Taking a deep breath she pulled open the back door and sat down on the cool leather seat.

Diana shuddered. She couldn't believe she was going on a date with cancerman himself. He had suggested it out of the blue yesterday and she had readily agreed. She had always thought he was cute.

The car started and quickly picked up speed.

" So where are we going? You didn't say very much on the phone," purred Diana in a voice that made CSM think about being sick. Swallowing his disgust he answered,

" To a lovely little restaurant not far from here. You'll love it my honey head."

Due to neither of them having anything interesting to say to each other they sat in silence for the rest of the journey.

Suddenly without warning, the car stopped.

" Here we are my dearest. The ' El Mundo Gira' restaurant," said CSM.

Diana Fowley stepped out of the car and looked around. She saw nothing. She turned to CSM who had just got out of the car.

" Where is this restaurant?" she questioned in a nasal voice that made CSM want to tear out the little hair he had left.

He looked at her like she had just asked what 1+1 was. " Over there," he muttered annoyed and pointed with his long bony index finger.

Diana strained her eyes. In the distance she could just about make out a building.

" Why can't we drive to it?" she questioned.

" Because, we might damage the car on the road," he replied. " Now, come on!"

He began power walking across a muddy field. Diana who was seriously questioning if she had done the right thing sighed in disbelief. She wasn't dressed for this kind of activity at all. She had on a hideous black top with flecks of green on it, a shapeless long black skirt that looked like it would fit an igloo not a person and a pair of 6-inch stiletto shoes that she could barely walk in. Realising that CSM wasn't going to come back and help her she began to cross the

muddy field.

9:30pm

'El Mundo Gira' Restaurant

Date unknown

Diana stared around the restaurant. It was full of men in black suits and woman in black business suits. She looked extremely out of place but due to her low intelligence she didn't seem to notice. While CSM talked to the waiter (who looked suspiciously like Alex Krycek) Diana concentrated on wiping the cow s\*\*\* of her shoes.

CSM turned to her and whispered in what was supposed to be a sexy voice, < but actually sounded like he was choking on his own saliva, >

" Come on sweetie, let's eat."

Diana who hadn't ever had a man talk to her like that found it to be very sexy indeed and followed CSM and the waiter over to a table at the back of the restaurant.

The waiter handed them menus and left.

Diana stared at the menu. It read

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'El Mundo Gira' Restaurant

Chef's special - Fish and chips

Or you may chose from the items below

Burger and chips

Chicken and chips

Lamb served with a delicate wine sauce with a side serving of potatoes

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We are not responsible for any bugs found in plates, knives etc.

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Diana decided that the fish and chips would be nice and CSM also came to this conclusion.

Suddenly a band started up. Diana smiled - maybe this would be a night to remember after all.

" So, my darling partner-in-crime. How are you tonight?" asked CSM. He reached in to his pocket and took out a cigarette and lit up.

" I'm fine, hunny," she spluttered. The smoke was making her choke. But, before she could complain the waiter came to take their orders.

Diana began to make small talk but CSM seemed more interested in his cigarette than her so she gave up.

10 minutes later...

Diana looked around the restaurant. CSM had turned to talk to a man called Morris Fletcher sitting behind them and the band had taken to playing the 'friends' theme tune over and over and over again. She glared at CSM and tried to attempt lifting her eyebrow like Scully.

< She failed miserably>

CSM turned round and asked, " You ok, sweetie? You eyebrow is going from side to side."

Diana suddenly became aware that the price tag was still on her skirt. Swearing loudly she removed it. Embarrassed at paying \$44444999999.99 for the skirt she decided to keep quiet.

" You tramp!" yelled the waiter. The whole restaurant turned to see the waiter confront the alien bounty hunter.

" A \$0.02 tip?" screamed the waiter.

The ABH seemed rather amused at the waiter, but seeing the attention he was causing, he turned to people watching him and said,

" Terribly sorry for the disturbance." He quickly moved to the door and then turned around and said,

" I was never here."

Diana suddenly began to feel rather queasy. She was hungry, sick of hearing the friends theme tune all the time, sick of breathing in cigarette smoke and sick of having a rubbish evening. Her vision became blurred and her head spanned. Suddenly she fainted and fell off her seat and landed on the floor with a loud thump. Everyone in the restaurant crowded round. Someone got a knife and prodded her with it. Suddenly the WMM appeared in the door,

" Dear God. Is she dead?" he asked in a deep English accent.

" No" stated CSM after checking somewhat cautiously for a pulse.

Someone in the background cursed loudly and every shipper in the world sighed.

" Well she can't stay here," the waiter announced." She's obstructing a fire escape route."

" Dear God," replied the WMM.

A hail of bullets rang out and in the door stood Martia. Behind her, a group of men dressed in black holding guns.

" Hello Alex," she said then turned to the CSM. " We'll take it from here."

Before anyone could say Martia your highlights look very fake the men had

< with some difficulty> lifted DF onto their shoulders and carried her outside.

" Martia, what the hell is going on?" questioned CSM.

Then they all realised Martia was gone and in her place were two MIB.

" Folks if you all look at this red light..."

The next day...

Diana Fowley woke up. She was covered in mud and her hair was full of cobwebs. She realised she was in a wood. Slowly she got up. Swearing under her breath she began to walk. She came to a signpost < yes, of course there are sign posts in woods> which said

Washington D.C - 200 miles.

THE  
END!!!!!!!!!!!!

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Okay folks - look into the red light...

" Here's what happened. You just read a brilliant fanfic and you have decided to give the author feedback."

End  
file.